The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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HUTTON: HEADLINE QUEEN

by RUTH McKENNEY

THE birth of a newspaper celebrity is as obscure as that of an early Italian saint.

Every newspaper maintains a standing cast of characters; two or three villains, several clowns, a saint or two, a beleagured heroine, and something fancy in the way of a romantic lead. Most of these characters have no relation to reality. The villains are the authors of small-time crimes, the clowns are funny only when the right re-write man handles the story, the saints are specialists in clay feet, the hard pressed heroines deserve a good beating or a jail sentence, and the romantic lead is a hard-boiled hussy.

This is no secret to the reporters who run around after the celebrities, to the re-write men who coin the phrases about them, to the city editors who put them on page one. But the sculptor who fell in love with the marble lady he made with his own hands has nothing on newspapermen who drag their celebrities out of the obscurity of the society page or the political comment column, or the legal news.

The weaknesses of the newspaper celebrity are a trade secret until the time is ripe to retire him from the cast.

Barbara Hutton, the current glamour girl, has gone a long way for no particular reason. She made Gene Howe's list of important Americans—the only woman on the list. She beat out Mrs. Roosevelt and Amelia Earhart for this all-American honor. The public knows all about her life and loves and has even had the dubious pleasure of reading her poetry.

Miss Hutton appeared in society columns for years, and nobody on the city desk gave a whoop for the fat faced girl who paraded as Columbia the Gem of the Ocean at exclusive charity fetes. There was a little tentative feature story writing about the richest girl in the world by Sunday section writers hard pressed for lack of chorus girl scandals. But it was weak, very weak. In the first place, Miss Hutton wasn't during her childhood, is not now, and never was the richest girl in the world or even the second richest girl in the world.

The Woolworth pride faced a crisis in her career on that eventful morning when she made the front page. She made good. In the first place, she said—at some length—that she considered newspaper publicity vulgar, degrading, and annoying.

Everybody was delighted. She was even billed as the Ivory Tower Heiress, a title that Miss Doris Duke later copped from her.

Next she came through with her marriage to Alexis Mdivani, the romantic Georgian phony. Nothing could have been sweeter. It gave picture editors the lovely opportunity to run layouts of Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett and the darling of the dime stores under the provoking caption: ex-sisters-in-law.

America was on its ear for months wondering whether Madame Hutton would divorce her prince. Miss Hutton, with a pretty sense of climax, kept everybody guessing. Grown up newspapermen sat patiently in foreign hotel corridors waiting for a pearl to drop from the lips of the princess.

Then she confessed she was ready to say uncle to the polo playing Romeo. She boarded a boat for America. This was her zenith. I went down the bay on the coast guard cutter with sixty-two newspapermen, photographers, foreign correspondents, news reel men and columnists, on the day the Bremen docked with its precious cargo.

What publishers refer to as the greatest newsgathering mechanism in the world was on that cutter in all its dubious glory. The great press services, the tabloids and the dignified mornings, the news reels and the picture associations, the foreign newspaper alliances, we

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were all assembled to catch each word as it fell from the lips of the five and dime heiress. We arranged ourselves on the cutter according to our castes. The ship news reporters, aloof, yawning, spatted, caned, stood in the rain on the deck. The news reel photographers sprawled on the seats inside, their checked caps over battered ears, idly watching the regular camera men play cards. The society editors sat in a genteel group, trading rough gossip.

The prima donnas and the news photographers, the Brooklyn Daily Eagle man and the representative of the Associated Press, were all on that cutter in a fine state of jitters, wondering whether the cardboard princess would see them—and tell all.

True, Miss Hutton had already told the world why and how and when she was to divorce her prince. Everybody knew her plans as well as she did. Offhand none of us had any idea of just exactly what we wanted to ask her, if we did see her. Apparently, we felt we were liaison men between the princess and her public—and we wanted to get within coughing distance of the fabulous creature.

There was a lot of polite shouldering to get aboard the Bremen. The customs men had to be firm about it, to hold back the excited press. Then, like unleashed dogs, we tore up the gangplank, queried the first cabin boy, and in a mighty pack, descended upon Miss Hutton's suite.

She wasn't there, of course. During that long, insane afternoon of following maids, peering in keyholes, getting firm with ship's boys, we snooped and hunted and haunted that boat until we all felt humiliated. We crowded the corridors, raised annoyed voices. One daring soul kicked the suite door viciously, after the second hour. We applauded in our hearts, but looked prim.

Miss Hutton made the first mistake of the season that afternoon. She hid herself too well. Nobody did find her. She was lurking in the crew's cabins all afternoon and came off triumphant in the game of hide-and-seek. Next day, the Herald Tribune and the Times carried savage stories about the haughty Miss Hutton.

A few days later Miss Hutton was revealed as a strong candidate for Bore No. 1 in the New York Post's contest. This was the beginning of a long end—it will take months, perhaps years before Miss Hutton fades out of the newspaper cast. But she's slated for a retirement to the society columns. Ridicule is a deadly weapon to turn on a society mogul, and there are other angles except the awe-struck one to tell about the number of Miss Hutton's dogs, gowns, trains, and husbands.

The New York Post, for instance, stunned by all the votes and savage letters readers sent in about Miss Hutton, plotted a neat trick for the day America's gift to glamour made her second marriage.

Every other newspaper in New York would carry a picture of La Hutton with an inset of the Count—under it would appear the story of the wedding. But the Post would carry a monster picture of a pretty girl, and the face of an unknown youth in the corner. Over the picture would be the caption: "Five and dime girl weds," or "Woolworth girl is bride today." The story would begin in stately, dignified fashion: "Miss Louise L. Jonah, a Woolworth girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonah, Flatbush, Brooklyn, was the bride today of Harry Simpson, The Bronx." For a column Post readers would learn all about the Jonah-Simpson romance, how they met on a subway, fell in love at Coney Island, saw romance blossom at Roxy's and finally heard the words: "and so I pronounce you man and wife."

In a two line shirttail, Post readers could learn that Miss Hutton married her Count and everything was lovely out in Reno.

This would certainly hold the v and x countess, everybody thought. It would also create some pleasing moments of confusion in rival newspaper offices as they got over the first shock and discovered the make-up editor hadn't made a horrid mistake.

Unfortunately for this noble experiment in journalism, a cog in the far flung Woolworth wheel put the finger on the idea. After incredible labor, a bright lad finally ran down a five and dime girl whose marriage had been celebrated within a week. He was retired from the business of aimlessly buying egg beaters and cotton lace and talking to Woolworth clerks. Armed with sweet words and a little cash I went off to see our proletarian bride, and sell her on a brief but glorious career as the girl who stole page one from a countess.

She fell back on her heels at the suggestion. She couldn't see why anybody would want her picture instead of Barbara Hutton's. She turned shy and humble when I told her: "Pooh, people would rather read about you." But she finally agreed.

On the way out of the store, she spotted the heavy bulk of the store manager. "Say, this wouldn't hurt my job, would it?" said the little bride.

"Certainly not," I replied.

But the Woolworth clerk wanted something definite on that most important subject. She sidled over to the store manager, and breathlessly, humbly asked: "You wouldn't mind if I had my picture in the paper because I got married and Miss Hutton is, too, would you?"

The store manager wheeled his portly figure around and stared at his clerk. I stepped up and glared, too. He waved us away with wordless muttering. But before I could rush our five and dime bride out of the store, a runner from his majesty, the store manager, had overtaken us.

Miss Hutton, the store manager felt, wouldn't like the idea. And that, sadly enough, was that.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

by ROBERT de LANY

AWAY we sped in the studio car.

"How strange," I reflected. "Here am I, a mere newspaper man holding the five-year-old movie star, Pearly Dimply, on my lap; riding in her car, talking with her, fondling her—just as I would fondle some obscure dirty-faced child, or a baby of my own! I wish I might convey to my readers what this all meant to me as we rumbled along toward her modest little bungalow, nestled in the Hollywood hills.

"How does it seem to be a real screen actress, with a great big salary?" I inquired. Pearly thrust a fig newton into my mouth. "Eat that," she instructed. "When we get home I'll show you my library."

What is the Secret back of the Success of this young film figure? It is simply this: Pearly Dimple is normal. She is just an American girl. Nothing more.

The car swerved to the left and stopped. Pearly jumped out with great glee, as many a girl her age might have done.

"There it is!" she cried. "There's where I live-and-play-and-eat and-study-and-sleep-and-work!"

Tugging at my hand she urged me to follow. "Come with me" is the way she expressed it.

A tall dark woman shook my hand and invited me inside.

"Do be seated," she said. It was as thought I were in *any* home.

"This is my Momie and there is where I eat," said Pearly, pointing first to the woman and then toward a Spanish balcony which

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THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

by LEONARD ROWE

IN those recurrent periods when the public mind is diseased with some form of nationalistic phobia, or barbarous sadism, the leaders of the people (having already worked up the rabble to the desired degree of frenzy) turn to the university professors to convert the "higher classes" to the prevailing madness. Whereas the masses can be won over by the most palpable demogoguery and unmasked propaganda, their betters require "scientific" proof and "authoritative" evidence. At this point the university professors are duly enlisted, so that they may give the imprimatur of respectability to whatever fantastic nonsense and vicious lunacy happen to be the order of the day. The sainted Wilson spake: and forthwith, the professors "proved" Germany's guilt in the war. Hitler cracked his whip; and the professors "proved" beyond a peradventure the anthropological truth of Nordic supremacy. The messianic Roosevelt now gives orders; and the Brain Trust reveals new truths every day—nay, every hour—to a startled world.

University professors are, in a manner of speaking, the whores of the intellect. Like many lawyers, they are willing—for a consideration (usually nothing more than the security of their jobs)—to prostitute their erudition for any and all causes their clients espouse. In olden days the learned doctors would devote their sophistry to disputations over such innocuous matters as the constitution of the Holy Trinity, the cosmogony of the heavens, and the physiology of angels. Since 1914, however, the professors have forsaken their ivory towers, regretted their cloistered withdrawal from the world, and preened themselves on their shrewd practicality. With these results: thousands of Americans permitted themselves to be slaughtered (on the "altar of freedom," of course) to make the world "safe for democracy"; the Jews in Germany are now being sacrificed to make a Nordic holiday; and millions of Americans are daily despoiled of their savings by the vagaries and chicaneries of New Deal economics.

When pedagogues collaborate with demagogues, watch out! War, persecution, sabotage—anything is possible.

Perhaps the most pathetic example of the professors' intellectual prostitution is their occupying chairs of "Business" in such obscene parodies of the professional school as the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. To include such an undisguised trade school in a university affords a measure of the arrogant contempt our business civilization has for a once-honored institution.

By every definition a university's function is to seek truth to the farthest outposts of human knowledge, unhampered by mischievous *a priori* beliefs. A medical school, for example, exists only incidentally to teach its students the practice of medicine; its primary concern is to make fresh contributions to the science of medicine: to seek new discoveries through research and experimentation. And whenever this added knowledge destroys former hypotheses and undermines even the most time-honored theories they are ruthlessly scrapped.

Business Schools, on the contrary, accept the creeds and tenets of business as unquestioningly and uncritically as Wall Street brokers. If they did not, they would lack a *raison d'être;* and there would be no George F. Bakers to endow them. Suppose, for example, the researches of a Business School professor led him to the anti-capitalist conclusions of a Lewis Mumford, a Matthew Josephson, a John Strachey. Only one result could possibly follow such heresy: he would be kicked out.

The Business School professor is a paradoxial fellow in another sense. As an underpaid teacher he lives precariously near the borderline of poverty. He belongs to the exploited classes as surely as does the proletariat. Yet, his life is dedicated to the advancement of that body of "learning" which teaches the shifty tricks and shabby practices of business.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 31

WOODBURY, N. J., *June 28.*—The Rev. Clarence Davis, 55, Negro clergyman, was charged before Justice of the Peace Guy Lee here with theft of the edifice of the Church of God, Glassboro Lawns, N. J., of which he until recently was the pastor.

The complaint, filed by members of the congregation, not only charged that the minister dismantled the 12x20 foot portable edifice and stored it in the basement of his Glassboro home, but that he also took 26 chairs, seven bibles and eight song books belonging to the church. The charge is larceny.

Justice Lee held Davis for the Grand Jury, and committed him to the Gloucester County Jail, in default of bail.

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GOD IN 115th STREET

by JEROME D. ROSS

THE Kingdom of Heaven is four stories high, a neat brick facade jammed up against a garage; and a big sign welcomes you, in case you're a stranger, and a smaller sign tells you, in the name of the Father, that you dassn't sit on the stoop. There's a big sky-blue bus outside the Kingdom for the angels to ride in, and, if God's at home, his Rolls-Royce is at the door.

Inside, celestial music, antiphonals that start around ten a. m. and by nightfall reach a glorious, unearthly frenzy. Peace, brother, come on in. The singing-room is full, a cavern that was once a dance hall. Several hundred negroes are in full-voiced song, maybe thirty whites.

The place is dank with the sweat of two races. Anthropoidal creatures wave their arms; people are cakewalking in the aisles; yaller gals writhe in the heat of religion, hotter than any Cotton Club floor show; enormous rumps bob up and down; a white hag snaps out of her lethargy into a witches' sabbath dance, throws off her hat, her coat, starts lifting her dress. Black kids race helter-skelter; "Father Gott, Father Gott," chants a Jewess, huddled in her shawl. Pounding feet shake the building. Glory, glory, glory, the words are repeated crescendo, and with each repetition another believer shoots to his feet in convulsive ecstasy. Peace, brother, peace, it's wonderful, they shout. Peace, you reply.

Now you understand why the Kingdom is making Bellevue psychiatrists work overtime.

The song fest was only a warming up before supper. Downstairs they gather round the angels' table with a zest that puts college glee clubs to shame. Just as you thought: there's no equality in Heaven. The faithful fall into two groups, the angels and the paying guests. Angels are staff members who sit with God and eat on the House; and the rest eat for fifteen cents in the Kingdom's restaurant next door. Of course, everybody wants to be an angel.

God enters, joins His host. The Giver of life immortal; Abundance of the fullness; Heavenly dove; Whose eye is on the sparrow; Whose precious smile feeds hungry souls—He is diminutive and His raiment is a speckled grey, grey spats, cream-colored vest. His countenance is celestial: high forehead, spreading moustache, splendid dome. The dome! It is polished like ebony and myriad lights gleam on Its baldness. Daytime, when the sun's upon It, there's a blinding aureole of coruscation. Godhood's on that dome, all right. And God is Major Morgan J. Divine.

A dead silence. The multitude awaits the Word. Peace, says the Father, peace. They sing His favorite: "All is Heaven now He Come," and pancakes are served. God helps Himself to five. Remember the fish fry in *The Green Pastures?* "Is you served, Father?" asks Faithful Mary, big-bosomed archangel. "Yes, I'se served." God dunks His pancakes in golden puddles of maple syrup, munches with mundane appetite and divine unconcern. He blesses the dishes; now they can eat.

God's in His Heaven, stronger than ever, in spite of newspapers, courts, police, welfare agencies and other godless aberrations. He has been growing steadily ever since Creation and Expulsion down in Sayville, since the Exodus to Orange and the Babylonian Captivity at Newark. Like all messianic pilgrimages, Father Divine's road has been full of detours. A thousand irate Long Islanders drove him forth from Sayville where he founded Heaven number one, in New Jersey a ponderous legal report was gathered against him, in half a dozen other states the welfare agencies, and the clergy pounced upon him, and the citizenry stopped the all night singing of the faithful.

Charges against God are usually of the following nature: He is a public nuisance. His heavens violate city health ordinances. He promotes domestic discord. He encourages parents to neglect their children. He destroys belief in the efficacy of medical science. He teaches an economic fallacy when he suggests that God will provide.

His chief crown of thorns are the courts of earthly law. Time and again the jesting pilates have accused him of driving people mad, of urging countless swift departures of the faithful in the dead of night, in the lamplight of Lenox Avenue or the back alleys of Newark, leaving behind them flats full of babies and frantic spouses.

Divine's cult is undoubtedly full of psychotics who stole out of life's misery into the frenzy that is the only joy they'll ever know. They are said to swarm to him by the hundreds of thousands. New York City alone contains forty-six "kingdoms, peace missions, extensions and connections" and there are hundreds more throughout the country, with California, of course, fertilest of fields. The cult grows as the depression continues, especially with the chance of free pancakes and spareribs.

And, surely, another factor in the success of this new God is his color. His Negro followers must always have found their old God a white man's God. Here, suddenly, are two tangibles, for the first time: a flesh-and-blood Lord, whose existence doesn't tax the imagination, and a temperament and body belonging to them. For generations the enslaved waited for redemption, and now it has come. God revealed himself in their image.

That Divine denied his divinity doesn't matter a whit. They have forgotten already the event of last March 1st.

"Bring this Father Divine to me," ordered Judge Jacob Panken in Children's Court. "Are you God?" asked his honor, who is not only a disbeliever but a right-wing Socialist. "Answer yes or no."

Divine, in his infinite wisdom, knew that an affirmative reply would mean contempt of court. God knew how to be practical; he hedged. "I'm not God, but millions think I am. Maybe I'm the devil."

Lucky Judge Panken, who's still alive, breathing the good air, say the faithful. God can be a God of wrath, especially with judges "You are a menace to society," blasphemed Judge Smith at Mineola in 1932, handing Divine a year in Suffolk County jail and fining him $500. The father smiled, so the faithful tell you. Judge Smith, he died five days later . . . .

Now the Harlemites who flock to 115th Street, leaving hubby or wife, as the case may be, to watch out for the kiddies, aren't doing it simply to Get Away From It All. That could be accomplished partly by joining the cult and living at home. But the real thing to get away from is The Evil. And in Harlem (meaning all Negro communities) that is no cinch job. The Evil, according to Father Divine, is sex.

This credo is raising havoc in passionate, love-throbbing domestic Harlem. It is incredible that such a belief could have taken root. Strong black bodies that until now regarded lovemaking as casual a procedure as buying policy slips or picking a horse, are suddenly transmogrified into holy ascetics. Freud, Havelock Ellis and the other sex boys could write volumes about the reaction, not just in the Kingdom and heavenly extensions, but in the hundreds of crowded flats—where Mamie has told Henry to sleep in the livin' room because "she's tuck up with Father Divine." Harlem relief investigators hear the constant complaint of neglected wives: "It jest ain't natural." And, on the male side, complaining witnesses have said in court: "Honest, Jedge, she shuts the door in my face evvy time I go in our room." In families where babies used to arrive like clockwork, year after year, that Greek salad of misdirected energy—Platonic love—has crossed the threshold. Believe it, this is anathema to the non-Divine portion of the population, just as it would be if a similar thunderbolt struck any other community. The cult member finds complete release in singing "It's Wonderful" or eating pan-

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cakes at the Kingdom, but his or her better half, who still believes in marriage on the good old basis, is driven to extreme measures. Infidelity (if it can be called that, under the circumstances) is more rife in Harlem, as a result of the Father's doctrine. And Lesbianism is spreading among the girl ascetics. When a husband and wife have both joined the Kingdom, in many cases, each has gone his separate way.

There is a rumor that this doctrine of repression can explain the secret of Father Divine's finances. For years the great mystery has been: where does God get his money? The Father maintains a fleet of autos, a private airplane, an elaborate wardrobe. He flashes five-hundred-dollar bills in court when asked for bail. His food bills are enormous; in Sayville the storekeepers still talk of the daily purchases of chickens, beefs and vegetables for the 2,000 who attend services. Divine's reply had always been: "Heaven sends me the cash." Harlem whispers of a wealthy crackpot, some white man or woman, who has stood the financial burden all these years. Why? To foster race suicide of the Negro as a means of solving the race problem. Yes, millions have been poured before this into such eerie schemes. As for the possibility of the cult's sexual abstinence having any real effect on the total birth rate, that is highly dubious. But the crack-pot donor theory persists.

The probable answer is simpler. Harlem used to be easy pickin's for insurance salesmen. An eager populace snatched their life policies, under the pardonable impression that the odds were good and that there was some way of beating the game; this must have been especially true of those susceptible fleawits who later joined the Kingdom. Now their policies are being tossed back at the insurance companies for redemption, and the proceeds, presumably, are being given to Father Divine. And why not—when he's given his followers their immortality in return. Besides, you don't have any use for a life insurance policy when you're not going to die.

TOWER IN THE FOREST

by TRAVIS HOKE

THREE or four times people that found out I was in Europe that time asked me what impressed me most over there. So I have thought it over, and this is what impressed me most while in Europe. It was a thing at Schwartzwald, Germany. Schwartzwald is German for black forest, and it really is a forest, although not black but evergreen trees, and the specialty there is cherry brandy that they call kirschenwasser.

I was at a very little town on the narrow gauge road that did not have any other American in it. There was not even a German tourist in it. The only one that spoke any English is a local that I figure is the town playboy, because they all shake their heads about him, so they bring him around to the hotel to talk. There is not much he can say in English, and he mostly laughs, but he explained about the kirschenwasser. I had one of those little pocket dictionaries and at first we passed it back and forth so we could talk, but finally there was nothing new to say, so we mostly made signs and let it go at that.

I asked him what was the thing to see around there, and he said, the forest, so I would go and look at it during the day, and at night he would come to the hotel and we would knock off a few kirsches with the owner and some other locals. Almost every night they had a stag meeting in the back room, but I only went once. The owner made a speech about Germany, I guess it was, and they all stand up and salute and yell "Hoch" and "Heil" and all that. So the playboy makes a speech about me and wants me to make one, but I don't, so they all stand up and salute again and yell all together, "Noots, U. S. A.," only they say it "Oo S. Ah," and then sort of wait for me to say something, but I don't, and they start in making speeches again, so I walk out on them and did not go to the meetings any more.

The forest is very shady and quiet and does not have any weeds or even sticks lying around, and no animals or birds except once I see a couple of squirrels. At first it was too much like a vacant house, but I got so I liked it. One time the playboy went with me, but all he wanted to do was sit on the edge of a gully and look over the fence of a nudist park down below, that I had seen once and that was enough. Another time the kirsch drinkers came out in a gang and brought their lunch and made speeches and sang out of little books and made a lot of noise. So I would go by myself and lie around all day and drink a little kirsch, but mostly sleep.

The day the towners came out I had enough of them by the time they broke out their sandwiches, so I went back in the woods to take a nap, and run into a young fellow and girl. They had on the local hikers' outfit, which is leather shorts like the 86th Street beer waiters', and sacks strapped on their backs. They were sitting on the ground with their arms around each other, so I started away. But they began talking, so I haul out the dictionary, and one thing led to another, and pretty soon we split our lunch three ways, though they would not take any kirsch, and started off together. The place they are going to is a tower on top of a hill, and they are surprised I have not been there, because they heard you could see a very fine view from there, but I did not care, so we walked along and they sang, but not out of books, and I fake a barytone. Finally we climb a long hill, and on top is a log beer joint, and then the tower. It is a round, wooden tower, maybe two hundred feet tall, with a platform to stand on at the top. I was winded from climbing the hill, so I sit down and have a kirsch, but the young fellow and girl go up right away, because they have to make some other place that night. When they come back they say it is a very fine view and that you can see lots of Alps way off. So we had a beer and they give me the salute and the "Noots, U. S. A." like the towners, and laugh and shake hands and go away.

So I thought I might as well see the view, so I start to climb the stairs. It was like that kind of place would be here, with names written all over the walls, mostly couples—"Otto und Frieda, Muenchen," "Rudi und Gretl, Muenchen," "Willy und Vicki, Berlin," but all German names.

When you get up there you are on top of the world, all right. Whichever way you look is the top of the forest under you, dark green and smooth without a nick in it, until you come to the sky. On the side opposite to the sun and away off there were a lot of mountains that were the Alps. I thought at first they were clouds, but that was the snow on the tops. They had a brass plate around the railing with names and marks cut in it that you could sight along and tell which Alp you were looking at. It was quieter than in the forest, even, and when you looked way off at the mountains you almost thought they would make a noise. It was that quiet.

I thought I would write a few American couples' names on the walls, like Bishop Cannon and Peggy Joyce, for a gag, so I started to go back. The door from the platform to the stairs is very high, maybe twelve foot, and all along it were names, all the way up both sides and across the top. Some were cut in the wood, but most were written. The people that put them across the top must have had to be boosted up. And highest of all, over all the other names, some guy had cut very big and deep. There is no date or town, but just on top of everything, "NUTS Ed Bush U. S. A."

So that is what impressed me most while in Europe.

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"THE GREAT AMERICAN CONDUCTOR"

by ROY A. DICKINSON

IT HAS been commented upon before that the paradox about orchestral conducting is the fact that in this, the most subtle and intricate of all the interpretative branches of the musical art, it is easiest to palm off fraud and bluff (for a short period, at any rate). I am reminded of this singularly amusing paradox in connection with the young American conductor who for an entire season was permitted to walk in footsteps of immortals. I allude, of course, to Mr. Werner Janssen who, last year, shared the assignment of directing the world's foremost orchestra with such unquestionably great conductors as Toscanini, Bruno Walter and Klemperer.

I do not want it to be assumed that I consider Janssen a musical faker. He has proved, I believe, an indisputable talent for the stick. He seems to possess an instinct for baton technique, a sincere enthusiasm for the finer elements in the art, and a flair for interesting program-making. The case of Werner Janssen is that of a novice conductor, green with immaturity, who was permitted to assume the most important post a batonist can hope to reach; that he should fulfill it for half a season of guest-performances without confronting the derision of an amused, perhaps insulted, public merely proves emphatically that either the American music-audiences are the most amiable in the world, or else that it is a comparatively easy trick to substitute quackery for talent on the conductor's platform.

Carrying upon his shoulders the garland of "European triumphs," and the laurel of Jan Sibelius' feverish approval encircling his brow, Werner Janssen stepped from obscurity to the platform of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society almost overnight. Blatant bugles of publicity heralded him as the "great American conductor." Enlisting all the Barnum tactics in the conductorial repertoire (Janssen presented spectacular programs of unknown music, all of which he performed from memory), Janssen attempted to fulfill an assignment that, I am afraid, was far beyond his capabilities and experience.

Rehearsals are merciless in disclosing the stuff of which conductors are made; and they were merciless to Janssen. One can point to innumerable picayune examples to prove the pregnability of his musical armor. Upon performing certain unfamiliar symphonies—Schubert's *Fifth* was one outstanding example—he changed his *tempi* three different times upon three different occasions. He has frequently given wrong cues in his conducting—at one time signalling to the second violins four bars too soon, at another time heralding the oboe for an entrance when it was a clarinet that was called for, and a third time designating the wrong rhythmic pattern with his stick. In difficult passages he has been known to eliminate all accelerations and retards so as not to be confused in his conducting. At concerts, he has been known to expend so much effort and concentration upon remembering the score (his lips move, while he conducts, as he mumbles the beat to himself!) that he is sublimely oblivious of what is happening in front of him. Most amazing of all, this young conductor who is endowed with a most phenomenal visual memory (he can recite every note that each musician plays by rote!) has been known time and again to fail to detect obvious mistakes in rhythm and tonality. Can it be that the "great American conductor" is somewhat tone-deaf?

But the most serious shortcoming of Janssen as a conductor—a shortcoming which is perhaps best recognized by the musicians who have played under him—is the apparent fact that he lacks a clear conception of the music he conducts. At rehearsals, he permits the orchestra to play through a program several times, and rarely does he contribute any perceptible interpolations as to style of performance or interpretation. "Gentlemen, we'll clean it up tomorrow," is a favorite remark of his, after a casual reading of a new work; and the "cleansing" process, the following day, invariably consisted in but another casual reading. In short, most compositions performed by the orchestra under Janssen were virgin pure of any Werner Janssen influence.

The interesting phenomenon of all this, to me, is the fact that, for so long a time—notwithstanding the most awkward blundering and helpless confusion on the part of Janssen in shoes too large for him—he should have been taken so seriously. If it seemed strange to the members of the orchestra that the audiences did not notice Janssen's punctured technique, his naïve "conceptions" and his ridiculous *tempi*, what then can be said of their reaction to the fact that audiences vigorously applauded the young conductor after his "readings" of the Vincent D'Indy Symphony and the MacDowell Piano Concerto in both of which Janssen was so confused, and confusing, that for several pages the performance degenerated into complete chaos?

It may very well be asked: But what of Jan Sibelius' extravagant praise of Janssen's "genius," what of Janssen's "European triumphs"—both of which paved his way to Carnegie Hall? The answer is not difficult to uncover, if one is willing to penetrate beyond the surfaces. Sibelius' tears and hysterical effusions over Janssen's performances of the great composer's symphonies is by no means an unusual reaction. Sibelius had previously been as wildly enthusiastic over Stokowski and Koussevitzsky in their interpretations of the symphonies; and before that Sibelius had referred to Robert Kajanus as the foremost conductor of his music in the world. As a matter of fact, only a few days ago there was a performance of Sibelius' music in Copenhagen under a conductor whose name at the moment eludes me; and the event reached the American newspapers only because Sibelius liberally showered the conductor with his generous praise. One suspects that in the eyes of this master, every conductor who performs his music is a "genius." As for Janssen's "European triumphs," one can afford the luxury of skepticism. I have heard from a musician who was in Berlin, when Janssen gave his guest-performance with the Berlin Philharmonic—that if the event caused comment among musicians, it was certainly not flattering to Mr. Janssen. And in Rome, after Janssen gave his supposedly "triumphant" performance, the musicians gave the young conductor a little gift: a cigarette box which, when opened, softly tinkles the tune of "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby!" Mr. Janssen is inclined to consider this a very cute gesture; for my part, I think it is very acute criticism.

William Lyon Phelps

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MATILDA RECEIVES HER CALLERS

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

ALWAYS, pale with the thin neck and the horn glasses (from the time he had forced himself, jittering in his trousers, to climb the white marble steps and say lady do you want any magazine subscriptions; only for the price of postage I am working my way through college) he had made himself do what must be done. So now he stood on the cold brownstone step with the wind spooning into his ears and waited, colder because he could not keep his hands in his pockets; they became sweaty in his pockets and the old man might answer the door and want to shake. There were two long, narrow panes of the glass in the front door and a red curtain behind them; if he twisted so and so he could sometimes see who was coming down the hall to answer his bell, and maybe hide one shoe behind the other if he had not shined. It was Matilda who came; the heavy girl stepping girlishly and lightly; lost to everything else, her mouth open and all eager to see who was at the door for her. The house was run so that it must be someone at the door for her; if it were someone at the door for someone else in the family it was in no way important. But if for her the old man and the old lady would be at the back of the hall to take a long quiet look and go back to the kitchen and talk about it while she took whoever it was to the parlor and turned on the radio. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she said to Joe, but she was not glad and the old man and the old lady looked doubtfully at him and walked, he could almost say disapprovingly, back to the kitchen. But he was not worried, he would sit in the chair no matter if the other man came; they could not, after all, throw him out of the chair if he chose to stay there all night.

She busied herself at the radio for a moment and it began. He had made quickly for his chair, his refuge, and was already in it; inside him the determination that had made him ask the lady about the magazines, which she had not bought. She stood there, big and tall and quite broad across the breasts for a senior high school girl, and wide through the hips, her nose whiter than the rest of her face with powder and her lips painted in a cupid's bow that crossed her upper lip and made her look puckered if not pert. She had done her hair in a wind-blown bob that was too cute for her large head and large expanse of white skin. She stood with her back against the papered wall, and he remembered choosing the wall-paper with her (the house was for her, the high school girl; the old man and the old lady had to be told) and he remembered the gradual rebuilding of the room with newly-faked hardwood floors, not real parquetry, but surfaced, the crystal chandelier and cut glass here and cut glass there and cut glass here. They had talked for whole evenings about the new wall-paper and what it ought to be like. She hated a room that was ordinary. "Do you wanna dance?" she asked him. She half closed her eyes and swayed her middle and tapped a toe. They had perfected all their steps together, and he wanted to dance anyway; when the other guy came and found them dancing the other guy would feel out of it, and he would dance close to her when the other guy came in the door.

But when the other guy came she broke away to answer the door-bell herself and he popped into his chair. He knew what to do; whatever hints, whatever suggestions there were, he would close his ears and eyes too for he was afraid that to go away now and leave the other guy in possession would be to go away to stay away. The other guy wore a double-breasted suit of a grey mixture, fitted about the hips; his trousers hung full and broke right above the insteps. Maybe, he thought insanely, it's the double-breasted suit she likes, none of us in the neighborhood have them. Grossman on Girard Avenue had a nice line, but conservative stuff; all the boys stood on the street while you went in to buy your first suit by yourself for twenty-two dollars; or maybe one went in with you and pinched the fabric and said that's a nice piece of cloth, and nodded while Grossman nodded and you twisted your neck in the mirror.

The other guy, Victor, was very polite. He put out his hand and shook warmly. His hands looked scrubbed, with stubby well-kept nails. His eyeglasses were rimless, the lenses octagonal, held gingerly from above at the sides by two white gold ear-pieces. His dark eyes were wide apart, the nose a little short and squat, and his figure was chunky; like the kind of heavy man who dances light on his feet, glides with authority and smiles at the orchestra leader. He invariably put his heels together (effortlessly) when he was presented and bowed a little, and his eyes never changed in expression much. I wonder what that guy does about his pimples, thought Joe, and he hated him sincerely; street-corner science told him the guy must know plenty women to be smooth-cheeked like that and he had no right to come to Matilda's house. Joe rubbed his shoulders against the back of the chair; he had not risen; I'm staying, he thought.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again," said Victor to Joe. "I've been thinking you promised to come up to the store sometime and you never showed up." He sat down on the sofa beside Matilda and opposite Joe. "I'd like to know all of Matty's friends better."

The guy's moving in, thought Joe. It's Matty now. He called her Matilda last time. "I'm going to take a walk over sometime," he said, "and see your layout up there."

"All right," said Victor. "Make it Thursday."

"Thursday's okay," said Joe.

"Okay, Thursday," said Victor. "Wednesday and Friday my clerk will be on, so don't come around then unless you just want a prescription filled."

"Shall we dance?" asked Matilda.

"You don't mind?" asked Victor.

"Okay by me," said Joe.

What struck him funny was this: Matilda was looking at the radio when she said shall we dance, and there was no way of telling did she mean Victor or did she mean him; yet this guy goes ahead and figures it's him, and then it is him. Here he came in from the outside; nobody in the neighborhood ever heard of him, and right away he has the inside track. He sits there in his double-breasted suit and if there's anything to be done and he wants to be the one to do it why he becomes the one to do it, and he does it. They didn't dance very well together; Matilda stumbled once or twice, but the guy straightened it out smart; he doesn't dance with her the way I dance with her; we learned together, thought Joe. (You went to Matilda's house on Friday night, Saturday afternoon was when all the telephoning was done for the Sunday night party, and you danced around all Friday night and learned the Westchester go-away so you could do it for the party; and everybody at the party knew you had a new step and would stop, stand back and watch it.) The floor was covered with little throw rugs which made dancing hard; Matilda and Victor stumbled together, and stopped, and laughed, and swished back the rugs, still holding each other, and then went on dancing on the faked hardwood floors. I ought to do something to show I'm in on this party, thought Joe, and started up to adjust the radio, which was

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wavering, but remembered, sick, how he had embarrassedly fiddled the dials all the time Victor was here the other night and then had gone out, and he sank back into the chair. The tune ended, and he arose quickly, and said I'll have this one, and started dancing with Matilda. They did all the steps they knew.

After watching for a few moments Victor jumped up from his chair.

"I haven't said hello to the folks!" he said. "I'll go back now while you're dancing."

That's the way he does everything, thought Joe, makes himself a hero. For the first time he realized none of the boys in the neighborhood ever said hello to the folks; the folks just sat back there in the kitchen and peeped out when anybody new came into the house and then went back and sat in the kitchen, its blue painted plaster screaming under a 100-watt light. Joe had only been in the kitchen a couple times since he knew Matilda; once he had stood there at the door and watched them all eat, because he had popped in to tell them about something and had been too embarrassed to leave, and stayed, now on his left foot, now on his right. Victor swooped to the kitchen yelling hello mom, hello pop. Moving in every way he can, thought Joe.

"How do you like Victor, Joe?" asked Matilda.

"Okay by me," said Joe.

"You know, I think he's so mature," said Matilda.

"He's an all right guy," said Joe.

"You know what I mean by mature," said Matilda. "I mean he's sort of mature. You know."

"I guess he gets that way running a store," said Joe.

"A lot of people call him doctor," said Matilda. "I guess I really ought to introduce him as doctor. What do you think?"

"He's a druggist," said Joe.

"It's not so easy being a druggist," said Matilda. "He told me he had to go to pharmacy college three years."

"It's not like a real college," said Joe. "Or a real doctor."

"He's sort of mature, like a doctor," said Matilda.

"I guess a druggist has to kind of impress people," said Joe.

"I don't think he shows off," said Matilda. "If you mean he tries to impress people."

I'm not going to say anything against the guy, thought Joe. I don't have to do that.

"I thought I could dance pretty good," said Matilda, "but I don't think I'm in his class. What do you think, Joe?"

"You dance okay by me, Matty," said Joe.

"Maybe it's because you and me've been dancing together so long," said Matty. "I can't dance so good with anybody else."

"I think you're better'n he is," said Joe.

"I don't think he minds dancing with me," said Matilda. "But he's so mature, I mean in his manners, you can't know what he thinks. Don't you think so, Joe?"

She's worrying about whether he likes her enough; she's worrying about him liking her, thought Joe. He ain't doing the worrying. She's doing the worrying.

And I'm doing the worrying.

Victor came back and Joe fought against an instinct to stop dancing and surrender her to him. He made up his mind he didn't have to do that; he could keep right on, for any druggist. But Victor walked over to the radio and shut it off. Then he raised an arm. They stopped dancing.

"I'd like to talk to you alone for a minute, Matty," he said. "I'm sorry, Joe. But there's something wrong. I'd like to talk to Matty alone for a minute."

He's being a hero again about something, thought Joe.

I ought to say right now, listen, I want to be in on this, he thought.

But he could not swing himself into the rhythm of what was happening fast enough. Victor moved fast, the way a heavy man glides over the dance floor, and took Matty's arm. He led her back into the rear hall separating the parlor from the dining room and kitchen. They talked together.

Joe could almost hear. The manners that even the boys of his group had on occasion, the etiquette that only came to him now and then, the bounce of right doing that made him wait until the lady was seated in a restaurant though he would never wait any other place, made him now move out of earshot. In some peculiar way, just as you stand when the principal talks to you about your marks, the crisis evoked the response, and, for the first time of the evening, he fiddled with the radio dials, though he did not turn the music on, and could not even see the figures with the dial light out, the instrument dead.

There had been only two or three such moments in all his life. Once he had taken a girl home late after a party, and her old man had been up, waiting, a scared old man, not trusting his daughter, pushing red eyes at him, and he had stood stiff and still while the girl, horrible in embarrassment, pulled her father away, and spoke to her old man tensely, telling him to shut up. Everything in him had coiled springlike then as it flexed now and waited. The mood of that other contretemps returned and flooded him; he had been in a darkened room both times, waiting for a conversation to end, and conversation that concerned him and that he could not, was not allowed to hear.

"Listen," said Matty from the hall. "Joe, you can come here."

He was conscious of erectness as he walked to the hall, again of a gallantry and bearing evoked by the occasion.

"Listen," said Victor, "the thing is this. Mother isn't feeling well."

"Mother?" asked Joe.

"Matty's mother," said Victor. "She isn't feeling well. So we thought, Matty and I, we'd hop in the car and drive over to my store and get something for her."

"She isn't feeling well," said Matty.

"I'm sorry to hear she isn't feeling well," said Joe. "Maybe I ought to go along with you."

"Well, the thing is this," said Victor quickly, his heels together and his dark eyes candidly on Joe's. "Maybe they need you to help out here. We'll call back when we reach the store and see how things are going."

"Maybe Matty oughtn't to go," said Joe. "If you're going to have to drive fast."

"Matty knows the sort of things her mother needs when she's not feeling well," said Victor.

It's up to me, thought Joe. I got to stop them from going. He knew that the concealment was hardly attempted seriously: had Matty's mother really been ill Matty would have rushed back to the kitchen at once; the mood and tone of the explanation were frauds. It's up to me, he thought. I got to fight it out right now, if I can think of something to say.

"There's a drug store right at the corner," he said. "I could run over there and get what they need."

"I'm a druggist myself," said Victor, "and I know I could do better in my own store. Only ten minutes in the car, after all, and why put these people to a lot of expenses?"

It's up to me, thought Joe. I only got about one more chance.

"Listen," he said. "If she don't feel well maybe we better all stay here and call a doctor."

"She doesn't need a doctor," said Victor. "I can tell that. But we oughtn't to delay like this. We ought to start right away."

Victor started to the front door, and they tagged after. A gust of cold fresh air blew in when he opened it, and he hopped out to start the engine. Joe grasped Matty's hand at the doorstep.

(*Please turn to page 15*)

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OUR HOMESPUN LAW MAKERS

by JOHN BROWN MASON

Head of Department of Social Sciences at the Colorado Woman's College in Denver

INFORMATION pertinent to this inquiry about Congressmen may be gathered from two impressive volumes, known respectively as the *Congressional Directory* and *Who's Who in America*. Each of these books constitutes a mine of information by itself, furnished in each case by the men it tells about.

The *Congressional Directory* is printed, sent out and delivered at the expense of the United States government by individual Congressmen, to constituents who count politically and especially to newspaper editors who are expected to pass onto their readers the kind of information it provides. *Who's Who,* on the other hand, is an expensive and privately published work mentioning Congressmen only incidentally, among a host of other celebrities. It is by comparing the two volumes that one gets a composite picture of a Congressman, rather than scattered segments,—several sides rather than just one carefully chosen and favorite pose. And of poses there is no dearth in the *Directory*, all of which, one must presume, are there for a purpose.

An old American tradition has it that men *born on a farm* have qualities not possessed by others, at least not to the same degree. It is whispered that they have horse-sense. They "are close to the plain and sound people, and therefore make trustworthy representatives in the capitals of state and nation." A good many of our Congressmen wish to be no exception, for forty-two Representatives and three Senators make haste to claim the distinction. Some of those who were not "born on a farm," the rugged "old homestead," or on a "stock ranch" in the wide open West pride themselves on at least having spent their impressionable "boyhood" or "early life" on a farm. Others, having lacked such excellent foresight in the days of their youth, try to make up deficiencies by now owning farms and "residing" (of all things) on them. Still others point with pride to their farmer fathers or pioneer parents. In one case, a pioneer father-in-law is rated as a distinct asset.

The next best qualification for making good in the big city on the Potomac seems to be the accident of birth in the city, or at least district which the well-equipped legislator represents in Congress. As many as eighty-eight Representatives and eighteen Senators claim this prime achievement. If some poor fellow cannot help having originated elsewhere—due, presumably, to short-sighted parents or some other regrettable accident—he can at least point out the fact that he has been "practically" a life-long resident of the district which elected him, or a man who has lived in the good, old home-town ("no better place on earth . . .") since 1890, or 1894, 1906, etc. The Democratic Senator from Wisconsin, F. Ryan Duffy, beats all previous records by stating that he "lives to-day in the house of his birth" (in 1888). The purpose of his statement is not quite clear unless it is to indicate the sacrifice the man had to make when he consented to move to Washington, D. C., for six long years.

Voters often have a curious prejudice, against bankers, manufacturers, and public utility men in politics. To run for Congress under such designations might be considered personally honest but it does not seem to be politically sagacious. More can be accomplished by the use of harmless sounding names of professions. Why not put pride in one's main accomplishments aside and run for office as a "farmer" pure and simple? Or as a "lawyer," also pure if less simple? Actually, we find Congressmen who would have us think that the (lawyers') bar means everything in their public, political life but who, in their private lives, after all have substantial other interests. We might cite as a few examples members of Congress who are, 1) (Oliver H. Cary, Kentucky) a bank president, director of two other banks and a trust company; 2) (Mell G. Underwood, Ohio) president of two commercial companies and director of a bank; 3) (Zebulon Weaver, North Carolina) a specialist in corporation and real estate law; and, in the case of Senators, 1) (Alva B. Adams, Colorado) president of a savings and trust company, vice-president of a bank, and director of a manufacturing concern; 2) (Robert J. Bulkley, Ohio), president of a firm of contractors and chairman of the board of a bank.

A Kansas farmer, W. P. Lambertson, demonstrates, though not openly, that it is possible to be a member of the board of directors of the wild and woolly National Farmers Union and also a director of local telephone and elevator companies. A former United States Senator and present Representative from New York, J. W. Wadsworth, proclaims that he is in the "livestock and general farming business." A check-up shows that, perhaps as a sideline, he is also president of a bank and trust company.

Something that may be referred to as "political modesty" bids a good many in Congress hide their private business interests under a bushel. While giving some interesting and relatively complete information in the bulky red volume, some go to the careful extreme of making no pertinent statement whatsoever in the official source book. Two Senators may be referred to especially as outshining all others in this respect, 1) (W. W. Barbour from New Jersey) who is a manufacturer, president of a thread mill, director of a bank and trust company, and of a shoe company, and (last but not least) treasurer of the American Protective Tariff League; 2) (Hamilton F. Kean, also from New Jersey) a president of a bank who "has also served as officer and director of various corporations."

Some pearls found by the observant reader can be grouped only under *miscellaneous.* There is the physician in the House, Dr. Wm. Sirovich from New York, who, it is found, became president of a bank after his election to Congress but who does not consider this fact an achievement of public interest. An eastern Senator, J. H. Metcalf from Rhode Island, was "educated in the schools of Providence," which modest statement fairly breathes the democratic air of our great public school system. Here, at last, is a man who comes straight from the city people. Alas, according to the more explicit and less official source of information, he was educated in *private* schools and in Yorkshire College, England. Senator Norbeck from South Dakota shyly volunteers the information that he is a "well-driller by occupation." The humble artisan who did so well in politics, however, is the president of " . . . Co., Well Drillers," and a former university student. The same Senator and two Representatives, Ulysses Samuel Guyer of Kansas and Benjamin K. Focht of Pennsylvania, are the sons of "Reverend . . . " in the *Congressional Directory* but the offspring of plain "George . . .", etc., elsewhere.

A Delaware Senator, J. G. Townsend, Jr., informs us that he is "actively engaged in farming, fruit growing, and banking." In *Who's Who* he neatly reverses the order, saying that he is "largely identified with banking, farming and business interests in Delaware." Incidentally, he usefully occupies his spare time with being president of the Baltimore Trust Company of which another Senator, P. L. Goldborough of Maryland, is vice-chairman of the board.

Why not do some digging on your own sometime? You might spend a rainy afternoon with some dusty old library tomes—you'd be amused at the revelations!

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INTELLECTUALS AND THEIR CELEBRITIES

by JULIAN FUNT

IT'S quite complicated, this celebrity problem. It takes years to master—and even then you're never free of those horrible moments of doubt. Perhaps this is because, while it frequently appears in what is laughingly known as social intercourse, it is never mentioned by name. Certainly it is never acknowledged to be a problem. That would be fatal.

Whenever the names of celebrities are introduced in conversation, it must be done casually, artlessly. There must be no trace of strain; no hint of pride. To do otherwise is to betray yourself instantly, to reveal that you have no right to call yourself an intellectual.

Learning of these painful restrictions, people have asked: why bother about the celebrity problem at all? Why not merely ignore it? The answer is that no intellectual dares. As a matter of fact, if he neglects the celebrity problem for too long a time, it becomes a serious reflection on his right to call himself an intellectual.

At all costs, then, the intellectual must tackle his celebrity problem squarely. Complicated? Exasperating? Impossible? Of course, but to an intellectual these must, of necessity, become minor obstacles.

Sometimes intellectuals have attempted to straddle their celebrity problem by a clever but superficial device known as the "acquaintance-by-innuendo." This is usually accomplished with the aid of an intimate—preferably a husband or wife.

I say preferably a husband or wife because usually married people have so much on each other, that knowledge of their mutual shame and desperation in celebrity hunting won't essentially change their opinions of one another. With friends, however, there is always the possibility that the friendship will rupture and that there will follow some very ugly and unpleasant recriminations—each friend recalling, with nasty emphasis, the other's sweaty desperation during the anxious days of the celebrity chase.

Roughly, the "acquaintance-by-innuendo" technique takes the following form: Friend wife, while entertaining the Bronx Corpuscles, says suddenly, "Theodore dropped in this afternoon." Friend husband, taken by surprise, not knowing who Theodore might be, and knowing that no one really dropped in, treads cautiously. "Oh, is that so? Sorry I missed him. What did he have to say?" And then friend wife says, "Why he's having trouble with his agent (or his landlord; or his poems) again."

And then, of course, there is the follow-through, the punch line. Turning to the Corpuscles, friend wife says, "It's Dreiser, you know." (Or Gloria Swanson, or Rex Tugwell, as the case may be). She says it casually, artlessly. She hopes it will sink in. At the same time she does not want the remark to be too vividly remembered. (This is the sort of contradiction which intellectuals frequently encounter.)

But, of course, not all intellectuals are married. And then, too, the opportunity to use the "acquaintance-by-innuendo" technique is not always present. As a matter of fact, the point has been made that this practice is somewhat unethical; there are even those who hold that it is a form of fraud. Particularly as in this case the hosts of the Corpuscles actually didn't know their celebrity (Dreiser) at all.

To meet your celebrity requirements with intellectual honesty, you must know each celebrity personally.

To add to the complications, there is the ephemeral quality of the celebrities themselves. What may be a celebrity today may be something foul tomorrow. What may be merely a case of castration complex today may be tomorrow's guest of honor. Alas, there's no hard and fast rule you can lay down.

Then, too, there is the problem of how many celebrities you have to know.

Fortunately, it has been established that five bona fide celebrities adequately fill the bill. But when you try to establish the qualifications of a bona fide celebrity, you run smack into what is practically a brick wall.

Obviously, not all that glitters or makes sparkling quips is a celebrity. Thus, at the moment, three standard, acceptable celebrities plus Dorothy Parker (a few months ago you could have substituted Tallulah Bankhead, in another few months you will be able to substitute Madame Frances Perkins) equal the minimum five required. Again, nine of the staff of the Theatre Guild and four dance critics, the first nine counting for three and the second four for two, make up the minimum five required. Sometimes this is even more complicated. For instance, eighteen members of the Philharmonic still leave you with the problem of filling the remaining four units.

To illustrate further:

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur count as five celebrities one day and as one-half of one celebrity unit the next. (Ever since their entrance into movie production there have been wild fluctuations in their market value, each new release playing havoc with former values.)

But, if up to now we have been haphazard and evasive, at least from this point on we can, by way of compensation, list a few simple rules.

First, there is need for detachment, occasional firmness and sometimes even outright cruelty. Each celebrity is under the impression that by himself he constitutes more than enough to round out the five minimum units required. It is an ingrained and unshakable belief. And it creates quite a complication, especially when the celebrity asks for five times as much of a loan as you can afford, or five times as much appreciation as he is entitled to.

Yielding too readily to celebrities, even when they are reasonable, is a fatal error. Merely because an intellectual occasionally finds a celebrity useful in his intellectual life, there is no need to let him play ducks and drakes with one's self-respect. The best results can be obtained by firmness, especially in those cases when the celebrity in question really rates a fraction of one unit. "I've put up with your nonsense long enough. Don't forget you began as an intellectual yourself," has often been sufficient to put a celebrity in his place.

It is a mistake for the intellectual to feel that he is limited in choosing his minimum five from celebrities enjoying good health. As a matter of fact, some of the best contacts have been made with those who were dying. A dying celebrity will soon be a dead celebrity, and a dead celebrity is a celebrity indeed. A man may be a celebrity today and just another commuter tomorrow. But if a man dies a celebrity, he is a celebrity forever. And to intellectuals who like their celebrities to stay put, this is an important item.

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Not only that, but intellectuals, when discussing their celebrities with others, sometimes stretch a point or two in their enthusiasm and tell little stories which should have happened but never did. They get rather loose about details. Only those who are familiar with the essential *joie de vivre* of the intellectual can understand how this happens. If the celebrity is alive, the true facts may sometimes come out and prove very embarrassing. This danger is not present when a celebrity is dead.

Many seasoned intellectuals, therefore, make a practice of haunting hospitals and other places where dying celebrities gather or are likely to be brought. Some of the finest intellectuals have met some of the finest celebrities in this way. It's a very pleasant arrangement all around. Celebrities are very agreeable and ingratiating when they are dying. "Say nice things about me when I'm gone," they beg with unwonted meekness, demonstrating that their minds as well as their bodies are going.

Of course there will always be the problem: how can you recognize a celebrity? For years intellectuals have literally begged for a rule of thumb, a distinguishing sign. "At least," they have asked, "give us a working definition." Your correspondent has himself devoted a number of years to research. He maintains that as yet it is too early to expect anything definite. Nevertheless, recognizing the need of a definition for temporary use, he submits the following test: if a celebrity were caught naked, would it show?

AT THE SIGN OF THE "G" STRING

by BERNARD SOBEL

Author of "Burleycue," a history of Burlesque

"LEG" shows began to affect my life when I reached the receptive age of five.

At that time I lived in a small town in Indiana on the corner of 11th and Main Streets, opposite a family by the name of Beitler. They had an imposing-looking house with a large, old-fashioned porch, wide lawn and cherry trees. They had, also, two children about my age, attractive and friendly youngsters. But nobody ever came to see either of them. Hour by hour and day by day they stood looking through the iron fence.

Once I ran across the street to play with them and I had a wonderful time gorging myself with licorice, playing with a toy train and jiggling mercury along the grooves of a red plush puzzle box.

But I never got a chance for a return visit.

"Don't you ever dare to go near those Beitlers again," warned my aunt. "They're not fit company."

Only later did I understand that the Beitlers weren't considered respectable because the old man ran a "leg" show—"Beitler's Burlesque House," a sore spot in the town, the weekly morality exhaust for the clergy and the yellow journals, and a general target for the police.

Determinedly and unabashed, Beitler plastered the town every week with bawdy posters; planted them on the back of fences, in saloon corridors and in front of the railway station.

From the first time that I saw the picture of one of his golden-haired beauties, extremely decolleté, and beckoning to me with a garter, I was lost. And by the time I was wearing long pants I was a weekly attendant at Beitlers.

Never will I forget the excitement and the pleasure of those performances! Men guzzling beer out of bottles, the room thick with smoke, the shouting across the footlights, "Get hot, old girl, get hot." Brawls were frequent and the ushers and bouncers had their hands full.

From the gracious distance of the gallery, the chorus girls looked like boudoir divinities. May Howard, who eventually became the most famous of all burlesque queens, played the lead in some kind of side-of-the-mouth, bedtime story that now stars Mae West.

Four comedians led the fun: a Jew with a derby, an Irishman with a red nose, a Dutchman continually adjusting his trousers, and a Negro. Sometimes there was a Chinaman, too, or a dude with yellow hair and a red tie.

The leading ladies were tall, usually blonde, Amazons. Their work was easy. They sang a sentimental ballad or two, "fed" the energetic comics and usually paraded in tights in the big finales.

The origin of the modern revue skit or blackout—the "bit"—formed the bulk of the entertainment. I liked best the ones that employed mechanical "props," the squirting siphon and the dear old bladders.

There was always one short sketch in which the young lady came into a medical office for an examination. Then the doctor, one of the comics, would begin a mock professional consultation. The allusions to her anatomy invariably rocked the house. In the photographer sketch, the comic took the girl's picture by leading her into the "dark room," and continuing the word-play with words like "focus" and "negative." Another showed a hotel with two adjoining rooms. In one there was a bridal couple, packing a trunk by sitting on top of the lid; in the other a farmer and his wife, who, hearing the conversation through the transom, misinterpreted their behavior. One of the most popular "bits" ever written, revived recently in the last Ziegfeld Follies, had to do with word-play in which a son kept saying continually to his father, "Sandy Beach, popper, Sandy Beach?" Always, too, there was a bedroom scene, showing the bashful young husband and the not-too-innocent young lady, seeking lodgings for the night. From the moment that the curtain rose, all eyes would center on the bed, and all the stage "business" and dialogue was directed there also. But, as far as the young couple were concerned, it was no go. They never managed to get into it, because a wise-crack, the explosion of a toy gun, or the entrance of another comic nearly always broke up the scene just before its consummation. The shows closed with what was called an "Added Feature" or "Special Attraction"—a hooch dance, an amateur bout or a shin-kicking contest.

The burlesque managers were in constant fear of police raids. Most of them had a system whereby their employees warned them, backstage or front, as to whether they should put on a "whore" show, or keep things down. One or two managers, for their own security, went so far as to have special electric systems installed whereby red and green electric lights in the office or backstage announced the presence of a new police inspector or city official.

In Chicago, during the late 90's, the big burlesque houses were "Sam T. Jack's" and the "Trocadero." Their shows were good ones; featured the best comedians and served as the training ground for players like Jack Pearl and Alexander Carr. It was at Sam T. Jack's that the famous Little Egypt, supposedly the originator of the hooch, made her debut.

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Meanwhile burlesque was growing, demonstrating her right to be called the "half-sister of musical comedy and revue."

At the beginning of the World War came the golden age when audiences packed the theaters, stars demanded "billing," and burlesque stocks brought rich dividends.

At one time, forty shows were running simultaneously; and Rose Sydell's "London Belles" rounded out a twenty years series. "Wine, Women and Song," the greatest of all burlesques, ran a year in New York and made a fortune. It drew the cognoscenti and the round-the-towners. Caruso and Lillian Russell went to see themselves imitated by Bonita and Orville Harrold and Jerome Kern contributed a song number.

The great favorites of this era were men and women who became, eventually, the stars of the musical comedy and revue world of today: Al Jolson, Fannie Brice, Leon Errol, Jack Pearl, W. C. Fields, James Barton, Bert Lahr, Willie and Eugene Howard, and Clark and McCullough.

Some of the comics were known nationally by their slogans: Alexander Carr by "Toblitzky Says"; Al Reeves by "Give me credit, boys." Others, like "Billy" (Beef Trust) Watson, Billy "Sliding" Watson and "Bozo" Snyder were popularly identified by nicknames, personal wise-cracks, and special stage business, all symbols of robust entertainment.

Ah, those were the good old days! Beer drinking, hot desire on the loose, laughter, jeers, amateur nights, the hook, "The Girl in Red," the candy butcher's spiel on the souvenir books with nude girls in 15 different positions, and the old, old story of the drummer and the farmer's daughter.

Then, suddenly, burleycue blew up! The whole thing went to pieces and nobody could tell exactly why. The reasons, numerous and ready, ranged from the trivial and incongruous to the practical.

"Motion pictures killed us," said some producers, "we couldn't fight their low admissions." But others declared that transportation costs and stagehand salaries put the kibosh on the road shows.

"The Broadway revues stole our stuff," whined the disgruntled. And they were partly right. For musical comedies and revues certainly hastened the breakdown by stealing the double entendres, turning the "bits" into blackouts and introducing nude bodies as a feature of refined entertainment. The "kick" of profane speech, a popular burlesque convention, also lost its force when "The Hairy Ape," "What Price Glory" and "Rain" introduced blasphemy into the legitimate drama.

Among the minor causes, too, must be counted the disappearance of the Dutch or German comedian at the beginning of the World War, and the fad for short skirts in women's street dress which made a full view of a pair of legs commonplace.

For a year or two after the Depression, burlesque fought a terrific battle for existence. But gradually one burlesque wheel after another died, leaving as the only remaining stronghold, the Minsky's National Winter Garden.

When burlesque began to revive about five years ago, it introduced a new type of thriller, the strip-tease artist.

The audience (what remained of it) used to go for this in a big way; it still does. As a matter of fact it's probably the last stronghold of burlesque. You know the technique. First she sings a song. Then she slips off a shoulder strap as she exits. Applause brings her back. A few minutes of strutting, and the top of the dress hangs down from the waist like a forlorn pair of suspenders. But her brassiere is still intact. As she exits, there is the business of fumbling with the hooks of the brassiere.

And so it goes. In some towns the momentary glimpse of a pair of painted nipples is the high spot. In New York the epileptics are harder to please. They want a long, lingering look—and get it. Today the audience is so spoiled that the entire chorus has to take em off.

The last sad stage in burleycue I saw some time ago in Cleveland. Walking through one of the slum districts, I came unexpectedly to a burleycue, a dilapidated old playhouse with most of the electric bulbs in the marquee dead or broken.

At a second glance, I wasn't even sure it was a burlesque, because in addition to the soiled pictures of girls on the house boards, there were posters likewise of motion picture stars with names once famous, but now dead or forgotten—Rudolph Valentino, Maurice Costello and Theda Bara.

Determinedly, however, I walked up to the hut-like box office and asked the tired looking blond inside about the program.

"Burlesque and second-run motion pictures," she said listlessly.

"How much?" I asked; and as I handed her the required 15c, I realized that it was the lowest price I had ever paid for parquet seats at a burleycue.

And what a show it was!

The whole traditional cycle, from the first part through the olio was compressed into a tabloid. The usual group of three or four comedians was reduced to two; the customary chorus of about twenty, cut down to eight; and the women principals limited to two.

Yet this little company went through the complete routine of blackouts, stale gags, pirated wise-cracks and "Finale by the Entire Company." Tired voices repeated for about the fifth time that day the old-fashioned sentimental ballads. Over and over again, drab faces and frayed bodies recited lines and made gestures; stage galley slaves, mirthless and spiritless.

Finally, the show closed with a feature picture of years ago and this was followed by another and another.

Then, about midnight, the picture operator flashed this message on the screen:

"Stay all night if you wish."

Yes, for 15c. "Stay all night." Sleep, too, if you haven't a bed; and snore also!

Burlesque had turned into a flophouse!

PANTOMIME

by KENNETH FEARING

She sleeps, lips round, see how at rest,
how dark the hair, unstrung with all the world,
see the desirable eyes, how still, how white, sealed to all faces, locked against ruin, favor, and every risk,
Nothing behind them now but a pale mirage
through which the night-time ragman of the street below moves in a stiff and slow ballet,
rhythmic from door to door, hallway to curb and gutter to stoop, bat's eyes bright, ravenous, ravenous for the carrion found and brought by tireless fingers to unreal lips,
Her hand relaxed beside the enchanted head, mouth red, small,
see how at peace the human form can be, whose sister, whose sweetheart, daughter of whom, and now the adorable ears, coral and pink,
deaf to every footfall, every voice,
midnight threats, the rancor stifled in rented bedrooms, appeals urged across kitchen tables and the fury that shouts them down, gunfire, screams, the sound of pursuit,
all of these less than the thunderous wings of a moth that circles here in the room where she sleeps,
Sleeps, dreaming that she sleeps and dreams.

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A vital and important book of special value to those students of economics and civilization who are seeking the answer to the question, Can You Change Human Nature?

THE MAN LISZT—by Ernest Newman — *Charles Scribner's Sons.* ($3.00.)

It must have required a prodigious amount of research to unearth this material, proving that Liszt was a cad as a lover, a social climber and a neurotic. The question is, even if it's all true, what of it? There is still the fact that Liszt was a distinguished musician and composer, and that his influence on modern music and his battle in behalf of it, add to his distinction. Mr. Newman writes about Liszt with the bitterness of a man whose sister has been violated by the subject of his biography.

JUDGMENT DAY—By James T. Farrell — *The Vanguard Press.* ($2.50.)

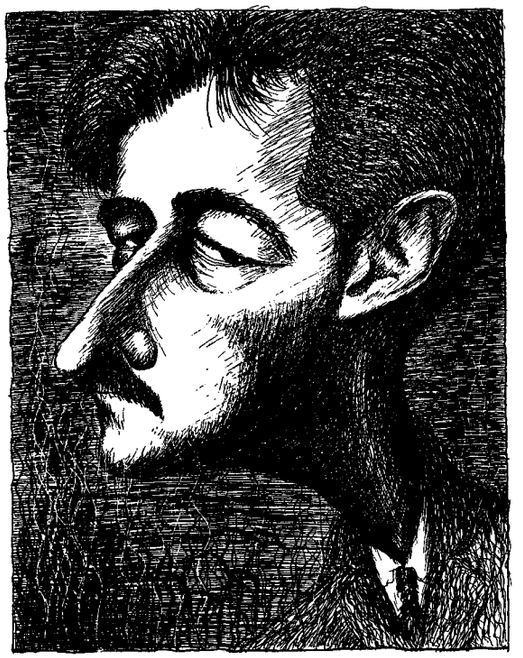
"Judgment Day" is a penetrating and brilliant piece of portraiture. It reveals some of the minor flaws of the other volumes of this trilogy—the piling on of details in order to make certain that a point goes over—but it also leaves the cumulative impact of a solidly conceived and significant piece of work.

PATHS OF GLORY—by Humphrey Cobb—*Viking.* ($2.50.)

Humphrey Cobb, using a whip that is both accurate and mutilating, has tanned the hide off military strategists and stripped completely bare the corpse of war. This book should be made compulsory reading for every member of the R. O. T. C., both Houses of Congress and all other participants in Memorial Day exercises.

PYLON—by William Faulkner—*Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.* ($2.50.)

In this story, Faulkner reveals the same gloomy intensity and mastery of the macabre, which a short time back skyrocketed him to sensational heights. The question is, how long will he continue to nibble a small mouthful of dust, when his talents warrant the expectation that he can bite off a substantial piece of earth and do things with it? The catch may be that he thinks he's doing it now.



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BRIGHT IN AUGUST

(A Faulknereality)

by B. D. CUTLER

DOWN there in the deep and deepening deepness and the dark increasingly dark darkness he went step and step down into the pit. He knew that it grew deeper and darker as he descended because each step took him farther away from the top and the light, thinking,—it gets deeper and darker because I am going away from it, because I am going down and it is up, and the darkness is down and *up* is overhead, farther and farther. Darkness and deepness are the same because they are both down; and *up* and light are the same because they are both overhead, farther and farther and further. It was as if the deepness were a great vacuum of gloom and darkness, a shroud furling around him, covering and shutting all light from his eyes. But he had to make it, had to get down to the bottom, thinking,—that will fool 'em. It'll be safe once I make it. They'll never catch on.

At last he was on the bottom and he sat down feeling only the deepness and not feeling the darkness because darkness can not be felt at first but must be lived with and in. He sat down because he wanted to keep the deepness always under him, so he would always be situated to know perfectly where it was, thinking,—I don't want to get mixed. I can feel the deepness here, sitting down, but I can't see *up*. And I don't want to get mixed. I ain't goin' to get mixed, neither. I got nothin' to be feared of here. They'll hunt and hunt but they'll never catch on. After a while I'll go out and do it. Them ears of her'n won't be hearin' no more. They can't hear even nothin' now, because they're in the upness and I'm in the deepness. They're same as the sheriff and fellows, and Jed, too, most likely, all huntin' and huntin' and listenin' and listenin'. But they'll never find me. And later I'll go out and do it. Then they can't do nothin'.

A week later with the deepness under him and *up* over him and the darkness all around him he sat thinking about the deepness, the darkness and *up*. It was as if it had always been so, like he had been sitting there forever and so forever was deepness and

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darkness; and *up* was out of reach of the deepness and darkness and so was out of reach of forever too. The darkness had been there before, sooner than the deepness, because the deepness had been dug there. And *up* was older than either of them because the deepness and darkness were the result of *up*. Down and the darkness and deepness were the same and the result of *up* because *up* had always been where it was, even before. *Up* was more endurable than any alteration, but not quite so much as memory, which was before and after and in between. So memory was everything. Remembering, them ears! Them ears of her'n! I'll fix 'em! And they'll never find out because I'm doin' it beforehand. And later I'll go out and do it.

Time passed unseen because in the darkness it was impossible to see it. In darkness time is something abstract and so cannot be known because it cannot be seen; and it is not the same as in light when the day and the night and the brilliance of dawn can be watched and time can then be accounted for and so is something material. So he was wondering how long he had been in the pit and wondering if he were getting hungry when suddenly he sat rigid, motionless. Stealthily he passed a hand over his face. Then he pushed his hand into the darkness, pushed it slowly, while with the other hand he rubbed carefully his chest and the back of his neck. He became more rigid, more tense, as if the darkness had become material, something he could handle, poke his fingers into, gather into his arms. Then he felt under him. thinking,—that is the deepness under me. I know because I been sittin' on it on purpose so as not to get mixed and because I would always know where it was if I kept it there. I couldn't get mixed that way. But now I can feel the darkness. I know I can. I can feel it like it was all around me. And if it's all around me it might get underneath me, Then how could I tell? I better get out of here or I'll get mixed. I better be gettin' to *up* else I won't know how. They must be all through huntin', anyway. So now I'm goin' to do it. Them ears of her'n!

At the top of the pit he stood up, stretching his limbs and looking into the moonlight. At first he crept cautiously around the pig-sty, heading for the kitchen door. Then he jerked his body upright and stepped forth boldly, thinking, there ain't nothin' to be feared of. They're all done. I done it already, beforehand.

As he approached the kitchen he saw Jed leave and go towards the woodshed, leaving the door of the kitchen open. He stood before the door, hesitated and then crawled noiselessly through an adjacent window. Once inside he moved catlike across the floor, slipping through shadows as if he had always been a part of them, and grasped a chair. Returning to the window he swung the chair furiously, chuckling in the shadows at the resounding crash and clatter of broken pieces of glass falling to the ground, thinking, might as well make some racket. No need to be quiet. They can't do nothin' now.

He walked swiftly through the dining room, through the parlor into the front hall. Overhead he could hear hurried footsteps, thinking, she's gettin' into some rags. He started up the stairs.

"Sam. Is that you Sam?"

He was going up, step up and step up.

"Sam!"

He was on the landing, going down the hallway.

"Sam! I can hear you Sam! Is that you, Sam?"

He stood before the door. "It ain't nobody else," he cried.

"Bells! Ringing bells at this hour? The very idea! Come in here this instant. Where have you been for the past week? Answer that! Come in here!"

Bells .... Bells .... Who rang bells? Then thinking them ears! Always hearin' and never knowin'. Never gettin' anything right. He pushed the door open.

Just before he clutched her, in his rush, tiger-like and swift, he threw the bridge lamp out of the window, ripping the wire from the socket, and not hearing or caring about her startled cry. In the

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moonlight he threw her to the floor, not hearing her piercing cry or agonized, terrific shout followed by a deep despairing groan as his teeth clamped together through the soft flesh. He flung her limp body on the bed, not hearing the steady challenge of the ringing telephone, like the reincarnation of a conscience crying for a crime.

When Jed came in he was sitting beside the bed and Jed saw him in the moonlight, holding them up in the moonlight and changing them back and forth from one hand to the other as if they were cards being shuffled and saying, "Always hearin' and never knowin' right no matter what she heard."

"You done it," Jed said, looking into the moonlight, seeing him hold them up and change them back and forth in the moonlight.

"I did," Sam said.

"What you goin' to do now?" Jed said.

"Nothin'," Sam said.

"Boy, you made enough racket," Jed said. "Roused the whole neighborhood," he said.

There was a commotion downstairs and knocking and hollering at the front door. Sam sat quietly beside the bed, holding them up in the moonlight, looking at them in the moonlight.

"That'll be the sheriff and the boys," Jed said. "What you goin' to do?" he said.

"Nothin'," Sam said.

"Say, you better beat it," Jed said, "I'll have to let 'em in," he said.

"Sure, let 'em in," Sam said. "I ain't feared," he said.

"Boy, ain't you goin' to hide?" Jed said.

"Not no more," Sam said.

"What you mean, not no more?" Jed said.

"I done it beforehand," Sam said.

"Boy, you better beat it," Jed said.

"I done it beforehand," Sam said.

"I got to let 'em in," Jed said. "You better hide," he said.

"I done it beforehand," Sam said. "And they're all done huntin', just like I thought," he said.

"How you know they been huntin'? Maybe they ain't been huntin' at all," Jed said.

"Maybe they ain't," Sam said. "But all the same, I been hidin' like I said, beforehand," he said. "There ain't nothin' to be feared of," he said.

"All right," Jed said. "I'll let 'em in," he said going to the door, watching him in the moonlight, seeing him hold them up in the moonlight and change them back and forth from one hand to the other and hearing him mutter, "I done it beforehand. Them ears!"

MATILDA RECEIVES HER CALLERS

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

(Continued from page 8)

"Do you really have to go with him?" he asked her.

"I have to hurry," she said, and broke away, leaving him standing on the doorstep, the door still open. So much was he an habitue of the house she could go off like that and leave him standing in the open door of her own house. The car took off.

He stepped back into the hall and took a long look at the parlor he would not see again. The depression he had made in the chair he had intended to occupy all evening was still visible, and when he laid a hand on the radio cabinet it was still quite warm.

He sat down in the chair, as he had intended to sit in it. Then, suddenly feeling himself an intruder, and frightened at his boldness in staying, he rose, and walked softly to the front. Laughter floated to him from the kitchen where the old man and the old lady sat, and for a moment he poised to slam the front door. Then, once again he stood erect, closed it softly, and walked down the street, very straight, as a man walks on a most formal, most elegant occasion.

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LITTLE MISS MUFFET

(*Continued from Page 2*)

clung to one of the Old English walls. "And there's a table and here's a rug!" Bounding across the room—in much the same way she did in her last picture—this little whisp of an actress climbed upon a lounge, raised her arm over her head triumphantly and cried, "Look! This is an oil painting!"

Momie took this moment to hand me a large photo of Pearly showing her seated on a pony in back of the studio during the lunch hour of a busy day. It was signed "Oodles of love, Pearly" in large printed script. Speaking to me quickly from the corner of her mouth, Momie said:

"We have invested her salary we don't touch a penny of it Pearly studies eight hours every morning she loves to play with negro children she adores flowers blue dresses swimming kittens oatmeal and her tricycle. She is an intimate friend of Garbo's attends church regularly answers all her fan mail doesn't appreciate the stir she has made is a regular little trouper we have invested her salary we don't touch a penny of it. . ."

Pearly scrambled into my lap. "You know what?" she challenged.

"No. What?" I replied, with a wink to Momie, feeling she would understand.

"Well, when I had to cry in *Baby Afloat,* I just couldn't. They tried and tried and tried and I just couldn't cry because I just *couldn't* feel unhappy. Momie had to cry first, then I cried because Momie cried and then they took the scene. Momie made them pay her for crying, isn't it funny?"

"We won't talk about that," said Momie, with a wink at me, feeling I would understand. "Show the nice man your garden, your *inside* garden."

With a leap the little star skipped and opened the doors of a huge teakwood cabinet on which were mounted several carved ivory characters from an early Pearly film.

I wish I could describe the indoor garden of this little Hollywood movie queen. All the flowers one can think of, made from colored glass. For an hour and twenty-five minutes we examined the petunias, the dahlias, the pansies; orchids, hollyhocks and pussy willows, neatly arranged on shelves within the cabinet.

Momie watched from a distance. "Careful, darling. Don't break," she would say. And Pearly would poke an impudent finger into the innermost petal of a fragile rose and giggle, just as we all have seen her giggle on the screen.

Then I realized I must leave this modest bungalow where America's big little sweetheart actress sleeps and plays and—for all one knows—memorizes the very speeches she delivers before the cameras! She begged me to stay to see her collection of Ethiopian antiques but I told her I must get to work on this interview.

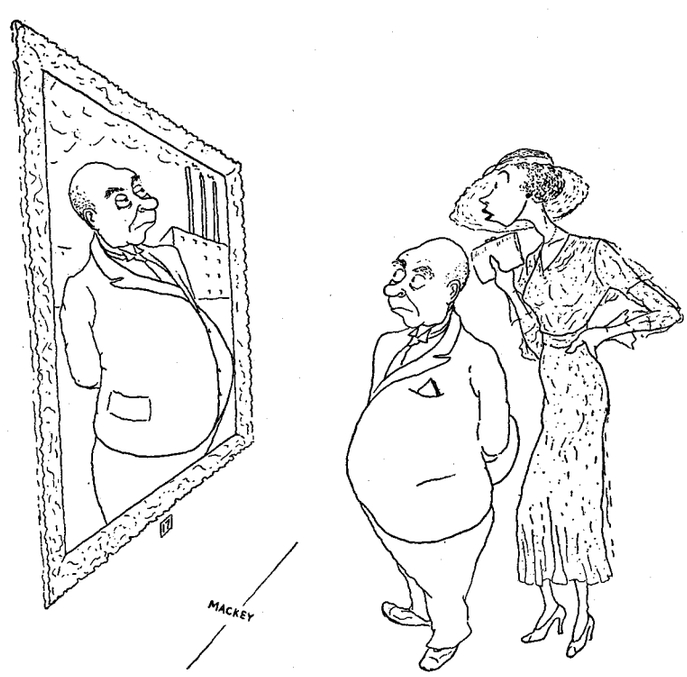
We had talked of many things during our afternoon together. Of books and flowers and furniture and acting and modern art and politics. Yet all the while my mind kept wondering what the future will bring to our little Pearly. Will she be the same sweet girl tomorrow that she is today? Or must she go through the horrible Hollywood marriage and divorce mills?

"Are you going to grow up to be like your sister stars, with their horrible Hollywood marriages and divorces?" I ventured.

"I am going to have a baby," she replied.

I walked into the open air. As I passed down the lane, the voice of the little child star, speaking from the veranda of her modest bungalow in the Hollywood hills, arrested my progress:

"Make it a double column spread!" she cried.



"Good God! He's painted you like a moron!"

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